AT THE CITY EDGE
by Andrew “Change” Huang

my shadow balances, like a drunkard,
on top of the long, narrow concrete block
on the promenade at the pier, where
the ocean once met the seawall below.

he carefully tips back and forth as waves
pull him almost closer to the cerulean sea,
away from lovely rushes of red taillights;
glows of burning lampposts and neon;
and the familiar void of an ember skyline.

for now, he walks. he keeps his arms out,
keeping pace, as the ethereal indigo sky
reveals to him traces of nighttime spinel;
all while he giggles at the evening slowly
descending into an opalescence scene.